

WATCH FOR THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW PRIZE PICTURE-STORY SERIES---THEY BEGIN MONDAY

**\$25** PRIZE AWARDED EACH WEEK FOR BEST SCENARIO

A Thrilling Picture Story, Complete Each Week in Six Instalments

SOMETHING NEW DON'T FAIL TO BUY A COPY OF MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD

Scenarios to Be Written by Readers of The Evening World

WATCH FOR THE TERMS OF THE CONTEST TO BE ANNOUNCED MONDAY

"SMATTER POP?"

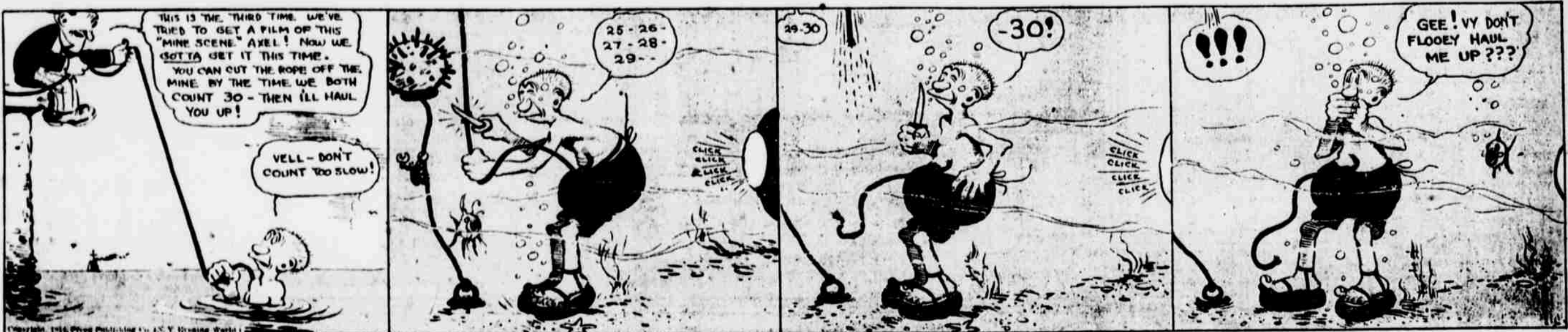
By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY and AXEL

By Vic

And Axel Has Those Weights on His Feet, Too!



THE MARRYING OF MARY

By Thornton Fisher

All in All, Pa Gives Bill Much Food for Thought.

THE JARR FAMILY

By ROY L. McCARDELL

WHERES my mamma? I want my mamma! wailed little Emma Jarr when Gertrude, the Jarrs' light-running domestic, woke up the children to get them breakfast and off to school.

"Where is Maw?" sniffed Master Willie Jarr. "Where is Maw?"

"Mamma is in Philadelphia," explained Mr. Jarr.

At this the children both broke forth into loud sobs and lamentations, and yet it is extremely unlikely that they knew anything about Philadelphia, even from hearsay.

Without Mrs. Jarr the whole atmosphere of home was dolefully unhappy. The children hadn't even asprit enough to scuffle with each other at the table, and Master Willie was so despondent that he ate all of his oatmeal without a protest.

"Now, kiss papa and hurry off to school!" pleaded Mr. Jarr. "I'll send word to mamma you are good children and to bring you some nice presents."

But evidently what the children wanted was their mother's presence rather than her presents, for they both snifled and sobbed, and the little girl declared she didn't want to go to school when her mother wasn't home.

"I may get runned over by an automobile, I may get runned over by an automobile!" screamed the little girl. This idea presented such alarming promonitions to Mr. Jarr that he turned pale.

"We'd better keep them home while mother is away, Gertrude," he suggested. "If anything happened to them while their mother was away--"

But the thought was so appalling Mr. Jarr couldn't finish his sentence. And who's to look after them, I'm

want to fight!"

"I am in a state of neutrality. Shall I issue a White Book, and pray what is the cause belli?" replied Mr. Jarr.

"Our freless cooker! Our freless cooker! Googrooh!" The last was a choking wail, for words could not express the rage of the little pink man.

Mr. Jarr was now aware that a horrid babble of mixed voices was emanating from the dumb waiter shaft back in the kitchen. He could tell that Gertrude was resisting the allies gallantly.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" he called. "What is this little pink mannae raging about?"

"Please, sir," said Gertrude, coming forward, "our loobox drain pipe got clogged up and the water has run down into the ceiling, and all the plaster fell down at once right into the Wilkinson's freless cooker just as they had opened it to take out breakfast they had put in to cook last night and to see how their dinner was getting along."

"It's ruined! Our meals for a week are ruined!" gurgled the pink Mr. Wilkinson. "It's cooled the hot plates and our gas stove's disconnected!"

"So are your remarks," said Mr. Jarr. "And if you want to get your freless cooker to working again, go stick your head in it." And he slammed the door on the little pink man.

NOT GREEK TO HIS CREDITORS.



NOT AN ITALIAN CORDIAL.



The Day's Good Stories

**Anent an Actor Man.**

DAN DALY once essayed the legitimate. It was in his early days. All he had to do was to come to the centre of the stage at a critical moment and shout:

"The king is dead; long live the king!"

When the time came Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he belowed at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king--he's dead!"

Chicago News.

**Bringing Him Back.**

THE attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an illusion to the swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air,

the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water--

"And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawing voice of the judge.

"Come out, Chawncney," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

**Wise to the Old Man.**

HERE is one that was told at a recent banquet by Bo Sweeney, the new Assistant Secretary of the Interior, in demonstrating that little wifely occasionally scores a beautiful ringer.

A patient little mother had just tucked her five-year-old daughter in bed and was about to leave the room when the youngster called her back.

"Yes, dear," answered the mother, returning to the bedside, "what do you want?"

"I'm not very sleepy yet," said the child, appealingly. "Won't you tell me a fairy story?"

"Wait a few minutes, dear," replied

**Lowest Bidder.**

"I HAVE come to ask for the hand of your daughter," announced the young man.

"Have a chair," said her father, kindly. "I presume you have made an estimate of what it will cost to keep my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have, sir."

"And your figures?"

"Ten thousand dollars a year."

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the older man, "but I cannot afford to throw away \$2,000 a year. Another suitor has figured he can do it for \$8,000."

—Dallas News.

**An Accident of Birth.**

WHEN the late P. T. Barnum was exhibiting his famous Siamese Twins they were, as is well remembered, a wonderful sensation.

A certain divine, accompanied by his daughter, who was much interested, went to see them. The young woman asked where the twins were born. Mr. Barnum told them that they were born in Siam.

"And are they brothers?" asked the clerical gentleman.

"Oh, yes," said the world's greatest press agent.

"Well, well!" said the visitor. "Think of that, Mary! How good and kind of a gracious Providence to allow them to be brothers and not to have linked a pair of strangers together for life!"

—Chicago Journal.

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING



**Just Suited Him.**

"WHAT pawt have you--aw-- weaved for me, Miss Coachman?" asked young Sapsleigh of the fair manager of the amateur theatricals.

"Why, really, Mr. Sapsleigh," she replied, "I'm afraid I've overlooked you, and all the parts have been assigned. Oh, by the way, there is still the part of the heroine's father. I think that would about fit you."

"The pawt is weally of little--aw-- consequence, doncher know, just as I'm one of the actors," said Sapsleigh.

"What am I--aw--supposed to do in the pawt?"

"Well," answered the manageress, "as the heroine is supposed to be in sorgh, I'm afraid it will be necessary that you should remain dead."

—London Tit-Bits.